THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1635.

Choice Poetry.

THE HALLOWED NAME.

I never could speak those simple words
With gay and cheerful tone,
And hear them fall from other lips
As lightly as my own.
But now my voice grows tremulous
And low, as if it came
Through sacred mists, where'er I breathe
That fond familiar name.

When others utter it the sound
A wanton sacrilege shall wear,
Than with consecrated solemn thrills
The curious ear shall hear.
All other tones break below
That mother's widening sweep,
And the trembling name is one meet
In which to weep.

Why should these sound-bars have power to call
Such sadness to my brow
And wherefore has that name become
So consecrate as now
That I can only murmur it
In mountain under breath?
It hath been hallowed—and I shrink
By the dread seal of death.

For all, above a grave that lies
Mid other graves unknown,
Strange eyes will see if one spot
The monument-stone
They seek not, as the sad, true line
They frame with thoughtful care,
Through what a sea of tears we rose
To mold and fix there.

Deep down within my heart it shall
Its hid but sacred word,
Which under the homage of long years
Shall never more be heard.
He would not for the world
Escape for his spirit's sake,
A voice of praise should e'er profane
It to a hallowed name.

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR of "THE DESERTED WIFE," "VIVIAN," and "MARCELLA," "INDISSOLUBLE," "THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"THE WEAKNESS OF LOVE."

No shame to me against her weakness
Who struggled with the strength of love,
Snapped her heart with woman's tenderness—
The last device of her rank.

Tennyson.

Catherine remained seated on the chair into which she had sunk, with her face buried in her open palms, for many minutes after Mrs. Clifton, the Hardscrapin farm-house, was on attendance. Henny had cleared away the breakfast service, and the dishes of the silver plate, which was a cherished upon a salver, and she stood by her mistress's chair, waiting, in respectful sympathy, at last she said,

"Miss Catherine, honey, if you feed me the keys of the plate chest, I can put away the things safe, without your trouble at yourself."

Catherine lifted her head hastily, and pushing away her drooping hair, exclaimed, quite unconsciously of the words uttered by those whom from her overburdened bosom,

"Oh! Henny, if you knew how little feast I have to do with plate!"

"I does know it, mistress, dearey, but you can't just take it Heaven on the sly, honey, so 'tother how it ain't only manner, but more in general all the grannies in the neighborhood so greater like it."

Regretting that she had permitted a complaint to escape her lips, which her poor old nurse did not understand or suspect the true cause of her sorrow, Catherine said, kindly,

"Take up the salver and follow me, Henny. Life grief is very fruitless. If we cannot keep our friends with us, it is better to submit to their comfortable living while abroad, than to sit down in idle misery."

"Ah! that's the Lord's truth, Miss Kate," said Henny, lifting the laden salver on her head, and setting it steadily; "and the Lord's truth of trials! Sid-wh-ch, I has a heap's do upstairs, and I must get through the day's work before I go to Master Alley."

"Is your brother going with Major Clifton, Henny?"

"Deed he is, honey; gone to ride beside's servant king's mistress, and to run him to overtake Chester in field's battle, to hold his t'other horse, in case his whether one should be shot from him, and to keep the dust and them renewed uncovered of the sun's hard. Master Jesse's what a thing that is to think of! Likewise in soldier's manners, he's not forgot. Why, Miss Kate, that Jack would tell his mortal soul no time for the voice of the Lord, if his master's call him to a hard, unusual, unfriendly task! I knows master's heart, honey, and I knows Jack's heart, and I knows Master Jesse's heart, and I knows Master Alley's heart, and I knows our parson's heart, and I knows Miss Kate's heart, and I knows all the hearts in the world, so I does, honey, and I knows that I'm a prophet to business and to pleasure, and I say you will excuse my saying it, honey, I would not willingly; I am sure."

"To the point, if you please, Mrs. Clifton."

"Well, I am afraid that if you take him, and expose him to the unavoidable hardships of campaign life, he will fall sick on your hands, and instead of being a help, he is a hindrance. Therefore, it is much more for your sake than for the boy's own, that I should be pleased if you would leave him here and take another."

"There is much reason in what you have advanced, Mrs. Clifton. Yet, among all the negroes on the place, there is none but Jack who seems fit for the duty, the others are all too young or too old, or too hopelessly stupid and lumbering."

"There is Dandy, a handsome, likely mulatto, strong and handsome, dressy and enterprising, the very man for an officer's servant, he would do you credit and glad to attend you."

"Oh! sure! I know that he is anxious to go, but he is your carriage-driver and waiter, Catherine, and I cannot think of depriving you of him."

"There are other careful drivers on the place. Please take him with you."

"Yes—but those other careful drivers are awkward, ill-looking, farm-laborers, accustomed to dressing and hallooing after a team."

"Have I been so long used to a carriage, as to be choice in my coachmen, then? Please do not think of Bill."

"And then he is your waiter and no useless."

"Oh, believe me, I do not need him. Pray take him with you. He is so active, intelligent and faithful, that he will be of most usable value to you in the campaign."

"It is precisely because he is so active, intelligent and faithful, that I am unwilling to deprive you of his services, Catherine. I beg your pardon—*Mrs. Clifton*," he corrected himself, suddenly changing his involuntarily relenting manner into the old coercive and resolute.

"Oh, call me Catherine, please; call me Catherine, and, being father and mother, be kind."

"Why? Do you dislike the other name?"

"No—I like it. I am proud of it, because it is a high, heroic name, but because it is genee. When other people call me Mrs. Clifton, my heart springs with pride and joy, but when you call me so—"

"Ah, now, do not let us grow sentimental, madam! I prefer to call you Mrs. Clifton, because I think that the fancied dignity for which you have been plighted your troth, will, ultimately, and successfully, should be constantly brought to your mind."

With a deep sighing, imploring gesture, and a brow crimsoned until the purple veins started out, Catherine, aroused by this keen sarcasm, said, with a chair,

Unpitying, he added—

"And now, Mrs. Clifton, I really must entreat you to excuse me. I expect Turnbull here, with the horses, every hour, and I must see to my own preparations."

Catherine arose, trembling, and left the room, one agonized complaint burning from her tortured bosom—

"Oh, I would to Heaven this were overmore sorrow!"

He hesitated after her, with a countenance expressive of mingled emotions, and muttered to *And so would I!* And so would I to God that this were over—something to fight for, a cause that all will go well. I am not twenty yet, but I have had enough to work and tend upon experience for my age—so that every year I have lived since ten years old has counted for a couple. I am old enough to be a veteran in sin.

He looked at her countenance, at stone noble and meek in expression; he remembered the life of toil, self-denial, and devotion that it had been, and he sighed, as a certain text of Scripture which said, "*By their fruits ye shall know them*," came into his mind. Then he turned and left the demon of cherished suspicion whispered, "Trust all—know all—is a purpose," and he hardened his heart, and replied,

"Oh! madam, I have no doubt or hesitation of anything, save a perfect belief in you. I have no anxiety in leaving it so far as my own interests are concerned, for I have confidence in your natural talents and acquired capacities, but, alas, because I have lesser confidence in your knowledge of the world, and your interests in the prosperity of this vast country, I am afraid that you will not do for it our very best."

"He—in all other circumstances, and to all other persons, would, no liberal, so chivalrous—he never speaks to me but in upbraid me!" She thought that presented itself to Catherine's mind, but with the loyalty of her nature she repelled it, saying, with energy, as if in reply to some one present, "I am sure I am not!"

"Oh! madam, I have no doubt or hesitation of anything, save a perfect belief in you still. I shall have no anxiety in leaving it so for an indefinite period, but only because I have confidence in your natural talents and acquired capacities, but, alas, because I have lesser confidence in your knowledge of the world, and your interests in the prosperity of this vast country, I am afraid that you will not do for it our very best."

"He—in all other circumstances, and to all other persons, would, no liberal, so chivalrous—he never speaks to me but to

PROSPECTUS FOR 1853.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE LEADING LITERARY WEEKLY.

Over THIRTY-ONE years have now elapsed since the SATURDAY EVENING POST began its weekly round of blended instruction and amusement; and never, in all that period, was its success so marked as at the present moment. Possessing undoubtedly the largest circulation in many thousands, of any paper of its class in the Union, its subscribers have the best of reasons for believing that it stands upon a pre-eminence here, and that they will receive the full value of every dollar intrusted to its publishers. In announcing some of our preparations for the coming year, we may begin by the statement that we have secured the services of MRS. SOUTHWORTH, a writer who, in vigor and fertility of genius, is not surpassed by any male or female, in the Union. MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, a lady whose "world of genius" superfluously to praise, in view of the general popularity of such tales as "The Mob Cap" "Linda," "Rena," etc., also is enrolled among our contributors.

We shall shortly begin the publication of a story entitled

CLARA MORELAND,

By ETHELIN BENNETT, Author of "Viola," "Prairie Flowers," "Bandits of the Osage," etc

And at the opening of the ensuing year we design commencing the publication of the following Novelet

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

By Mrs. LEE HENTZ, of Florida. Author of "Rutue" "Linda," "Rena," etc.

This novelet we design following by a story entitled,

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT.

By MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE, of Ohio, widely known as the author of some admirably written and very effective household poems. sketches, etc.

After this we expect to be able to announce

THE LOST HEIRESS;

A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, Author of "The Curse of Clifton," "Virginia and Magdalene," "Hautenhohe" "The Deserted Wife," etc.

In addition to these and other TALES, TALES, involving a large expenditure of money, we shall lay before our readers, as heretofore, choice Table Sketches, Essays, Narratives, etc., from the English Magazines—such as have given the Post a name for the excellence of its selections.

ENGRAVINGS.—In the line of engravings we present at least two weekly—one of an instructive, and the other of a humorous character.

Miscellaneous matter, Agricultural Articles, General News, Wit and Humorous Sketches and Anecdotes, Letters from Europe, Editorials, View of the Produce and Stock Markets, Bank Note List etc. etc. shall also be duly given.

☞ Of course we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired, of being a strictly moral paper—not ridiculously squeamish and straight-laced, but really and truly moral: such as may be taken into every family without fear. Advertisements of an improper character shall be as inexorably rejected as excluded.

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The Postage on the Post to any part of the United States when paid quarterly in advance is now only 10 cents a year. And we trust that the public generally will take advantage of the new and valuable reduction of postage by largely increasing the number of papers taken at the various offices—THAT THEY THEMSELVES MAY BE SUPPLIED AT THE CHEAPEST RATE AND THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT. PARTICULARLY THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT. This will ensure a continuance of the present reduced rates.

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☞ N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST, as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, (post-paid.)

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or endorse the material portions of it, (the matters of new publication), and call our terms to the attention of their readers, will be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

Clippings.

—It is said sickness of departed fame
Will be worse at Prospect worth, or Tully's name
Yet, that so much good wisdom can silence
The sword of Homer, and the Theban lyre,
Wrapped in solemn silence, who shall say?
Each classic haunt and each remembered theme,
Where voice ceased, and lyre chosen theme,
The Theban trumpet, and the Spartan tone
Are Roman fire in Hayden's bosom vibrated,
And fame and freedom is the sheet of Tell.
Yet, yet shall music be the worth of song,
Hath Valor left the world, to live no more?
No more shall Homer hail a Thermopylæ,
And mortal music, with immortal song,
Hymn to more Hallowed Ground than Marathon?
Ah! Yes! Ancient Rome and Athens Fled!
The mighty that slumbers in a Governor's urn!
Live! in the powerful stanza, the immortal song.
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song
Shall, as the tale of ages tells arise
Shall claim the world's attention as of deeds.

[From ARTHUR'S ARISTOCRATS.—Patrick Kell, Shoemaker in one of the dark papers that lie in the window—will claim a pair forty feet high feet bestrewn with the lark off on a wager.

☞ Rooster records that, in the fifteenth century, women distinguished themselves among the most active and sensible, in learning and translating the classics, and helping on the happy revival of literature.

☞ Men are to be estimated, as Johnson says, by the want of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin, and a block of silver may have no alloy of tin, but still it is silver.

☞ The word London is of Saltonic origin, and signifies a town upon water. Lon is the Scandinavian for water, and Don or Dun signifies town.

☞ THE BUFFER HALL CORRESPOND.—Food intended for women's generative organization—modesty and romance—in confession to a mortal priest the former is removed; by his dissolution, the latter is taken away.—Merchant of Prudence.

☞ Count Pulaski has written to the College Gazette, indignantly denying that he had sought a reconciliation with America. He says:—America does not treat with rebels, and I do not treat with despots.

☞ THE CORRECTOR OF A VERSAS IMPROVED.—It is not that literary men quarrel more than any other class of men; it is that their disputes always occur in making their quarrels known to the public.—Patrick.

☞ An editor of strength is as much entitled weights to be honorable, as likewise defeat of understanding makes some trifler to be proud of.—Bishop Sherlock.

☞ An excellent remedy for scales in the mouth of boarders, is any other straggling piece, or bonbs with which food, for which mend, and we mouth can be made to rise the consistency of pretty. The remedy can be used as any stone in the course of a few weeks.

☞ Night Cake of very good quality, has been produced in Naughty Carolina, and the Charleston Mercury calls the attention of the readers of that State to the exhibition.

☞ The Emperor of Austria has caused it to be notified to Rome, that all officers in governments, of whatever grades, must resign their boards that they can henceforth wear no hair upon their cheeks or chins. The origin of the mouth are to be the most noticeably points upon which the growth may be encouraged. An invasion is confidently to be apprehended if officers in these respects insists.

☞ A counter says, "My name is Sweetser. I am a homicide landlord. I cannot marry, for how could I hope to persist in my young lady possessors of the matrimonial state? Impossible, to raise a fortune.

☞ Billy Bowlegs, is no less suggested, and successfully leave Florida. The Savannah Georgian hopes that he will be among one of the last removals from Florida, till such a job for inauguration.

☞ In a barber's shop in North Alabama there is a bill recommending a certain patent medicine, with the very dubious heading:—"Try one box, as other medicine will every box takes."

☞ Death, who cannot spare the folly of the dread of death, come up those:—It is impossible that mortality be reduced to necessary, and not necessary to death, should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind.

☞ A course of perpetual national aggression, a system of greed or petty invasion of the rights of other powers, may result in the ruin of some race, as the combined which be—comes a powerful and magnificent people. For oneself, however, we must declare, that such continual aggression and encroachment of the broad laity, who is always rounding upon his neighbor, by imposing on his weakness, or else exhibiting some advantage out of a small from his love of peace and quiet.

☞ "Where is this hotel?" says the foreigner pack Hyperion. "Oh! just upon Lafayette, you know." "Is it in the tomb of Charlotte Corday." Let us gather flowers and scatter them over her ashes, for she is dead for her country. No, no, plead nothing, but sorry, and let your mouth be blood, for she is dead in sense for her country.

☞ THE ANNEX SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.—The smallest of sea-going vessels in the world is about eighty-five thousand of which two thirds belong to England and the United States.

☞ It is a curious fact that children are the best judges of character; at fine sight, in the world. There is an old Scotch proverb to—They are never deceive that they are fooled by dotus like," and there is not a more true one in the world.

☞ PHILLY Lawyer.—A suit was taken in charge by some police officers in Boston a few days ago—in preaching having called together a disorderly set of "scalawags." On refusing to walk, he was conveyed upon the shoulders of more men, and taken to the lock-up.

☞ A subscriber to one of the dailies—an industrious admirer of kossuth—recently stopped his paper, because it condoned "no new European revolutions." He ought to be asked to the next who stopped his paper because he couldn't like some of the late appointments to office by the President elect.

☞ Phillips Fire Annihilator, in London, has been totally destroyed by fire, originating from gas.

☞ The difference between satire, confined to the same language, and coarse, vulgar invective, is the same as between the long rapier of Saladin and the mammoth but deeper incisions of the surgeon's knife. The one exasperates and provokes contempt, the other produces reflection and improvement.

☞ The following is a reported scene in the Illinois Legislature:—"Mr opponent. Mr. Speaker, I object to saying that he stretched his foot. Whether it is so or not, I shall not be willing to say so, as that would be to assert he is entitled to the floor or not, he'll get from me of his interruption so again. Here the gentleman from Bond Creek pulled up his steamer and took his teeth off.

☞ "Mother's Recipes."—Will you please to permit a lady to attempt this mod?" such a gentleman to accept, that the other day, in a conversation, he asked the gentleman who was invited to—"Is he an advocate of woman's rights?" asked the gentleman who was invited to—"Is he an advocate of woman's rights?" asked the gentleman who was invited to—"Is he an advocate of woman's rights?"

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
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General News.

Foreign News.—The London Times has a rather noticeable leading article, (4th instant.) It commences by stating that, owing to the "blunders" of the Whigs, the "undignified" conduct of General Scott, and "discreditable attempts" of Mr. Webster, it never entertained a doubt of the success of Pierce. It rejoices that "Gen. Pierce is known to be favorable to low tariffs and liberty of trade;" praises Mr. Fillmore as possessing neither the passions nor the enthusiasm of his fellow citizens; next states, finally, the fitting out of the Japan Expedition was a sham; that its real destination is Cuba; but if it be for Japan, that it is insufficient, and that the President's letter "will be read with astonishment, and resented as an indignity." "The truth is," (says the Times,) "the American Cabinet is prepared to deal with the coal fields of Japan just as it attempted to deal with the guano of Lobos, and there is no defence against such a policy but the possession of superior strength."

Macaulay is earnest in favor of free trade, and is prepared to go further towards universal suffrage than he once thought it possible he should.

The Daily News acknowledges the receipt of six shillings, in pence, to head a penny subscription on behalf of Mrs. Stowe.

The Commissioners of the late World's Fair have purchased, with the surplus funds of the Exhibition, a plot of ground near Kensington, which they intend to present to the nation as a site for a new National Gallery of Art.

The King of Sweden is so dangerously ill that it has been deemed necessary to appoint an interim Regency for Sweden and Norway.

The French Council of State has lately had a number of questions brought before it relative to legacies bequeathed to the clergy, and in …

POLITICAL NEWS.

What it Costs.—It is computed that a Presidential election, including all expenditures, legitimate and illegitimate, from the nomination to the inauguration, costs not less than half a million of dollars per State.

☞ It is said that the President elect receives two bushels per day of letters, containing applications for office.

☞ The Hon. Charles G. Atherton, will, it is said, be the new Senator from New Hampshire.

Illinois.—Our Western exchanges assure us with some degree of positiveness that four Whig Congressmen (a Whig gain of three,) have been elected in Senator Douglass' State. They are Messrs. Washburn, Norton, Yates, and Knox. The other five members are Democrats, a loss of one.

☞ The South Carolina Legislature, it appears, refused to pass the protest against the Compromise Measures, which was agreed upon in caucus, to accompany the vote for Pierce and King electors. The Charleston Constitutional Union treats this as a significant indication.

Mr. Webster and his 7th of March Speech.—We learn, on reliable private authority, that Mr. Webster confessed to a warm political friend, a short time before his death, that the great mistake of his life was the famous 7th of March speech, in which, it will be remembered, he defended the Fugitive Slave Law, and fully commited himself to the Compromise Measures. Before taking his stand, on that occasion, he is said to have corresponded with Professor Stuart and other eminent divines, to ascertain how far the religious sentiment of the North would sustain him in the position he was about to assume.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Pretty Good.—The Madison County, N. Y. Whig accounts for Gen. Scott's defeat, in the fact that his "military career disqualified him from running!" He had never run, and couldn't learn how.

North Carolina.—The complete returns from all the counties give Gen. Pierce 702 majority. A small town in Montgomery County, called "The Forks," voted unanimously for [illegible] and Graham. There are one hundred and twenty-five voters in the place, but not a solitary Pierce and King man.

The Electors.—The Presidential Electors will meet in each State on the first Wednesday in December, to cast their votes for President and Vice President. The votes are sent under seal to the President of the U. S. Senate, at Washington, and on the second Wednesday of February next, they are opened in the presence of both Houses of Congress, and the result officially declared. For all purposes of practical utility, the people might just as well elect directly by their own ballots, the President and Vice President.

Congress.—Congress will reassemble at Washington the 5th of next month. The session will be a short one, and unless the members commence work earnestly, there will be but little real business transacted.

Speed upon the New England Railways.—From time to time we see, in our cotemporaries, instances of great speed attained upon the different roads. The average rate, however, is much below what is generally supposed. The average rate of the regular passenger trains, upon all the railways of Massachusetts, is 23.99 miles per hour; and of freight trains, 12.72 miles.

Some of the roads run through express trains at a much higher rate of speed. Thus, for instance, the Boston and Providence express trains average thirty-four and one-half miles per hour, including stops and detentions; the Boston and Lowell, thirty-two and one-half miles; the Boston and Worcester, thirty miles; the Fall River, twenty-nine miles; the Fitchburg, thirty and one-half miles; the Old Colony, twenty-seven; and the Western, thirty-seven miles. These rates include all stops and detentions. The actual running rate upon several of these roads, is much more rapid. It is no uncommon matter for the special trains upon the Western road to attain a speed of some sixty miles per hour, on such portions of the track as have favorable elements of alignement and grade. Upon a well-constructed road, with good machines, light grades, and no sharp curves, the rate of sixty miles per hour is easily attained, and is not so prejudicial to the machinery and road-bed as is generally supposed.—Upon roads having high grades and sharp curves, a high rate of speed cannot be attained but by a large per centage outlay for wear and tear. The road and superstructure depreciate rapidly, and the running machinery is easily broken up.

We have but little doubt that a great majority of our most intelligent railway managers are now of opinion that it would have been better policy to have expended more for favorable grades and straight lines, though taking all the circumstances into consideration, we have done as well as could have been expected in those particulars. The new enterprises, however, may profit by the general experience of the past. High grades and sharp curves always entail upon the company larger expenditures for annual wear and tear even in the regular traffic, and where quick express trains are used, this wear and tear increases in a rapid ratio.

Occasionally we hear of instances of great speed, and lately of one on the Connecticut River Road, where an express train was run, under the direction of John B. Wyman, Superintendent, from Vernon to Springfield, a distance of 50 miles, in 53 minutes, including six stops. This is an average of more than a mile …

WINTER AND ITS WANTS.

The first physical want suggested by cold weather, is the want of suitable articles to keep us warm, and if we were asked by the ladies where they are to be purchased, we would say at Oakford's celebrated Hat and Fur Store, No. 149 Chesnut St. Ladies will find Russian Sable, Ermine, Martin, Lynx, Mink and Fitch Boas, Cuffs Tippets, and every variety and style of Furs at reasonable prices.

Horrible.—Infanticide is reported in the London papers to have increased fearfully among the factory operatives and agricultural laborers of England, caused, it is said, by their abject poverty and dire necessities. Burial clubs, which are mutual assistance associations, formed among these poor persons for good objects, only increase the extent of the crime; as many are driven by want to murder their infants in order to obtain from these societies the few pounds of funeral money they give. In Leeds there are, as nearly as can be estimated, about three hundred infants murdered yearly, to avoid the consequences of their living, and the Coroner states that the murderers are never detected.

HAVE YOU A DISEASED LIVER?

☞ The question, though startling, is sufficiently suggestive, when the fact is taken into consideration, that diseases of the Liver have become most alarmingly frequent in the United States. Indeed, there are few formidable diseases that are not in some way traceable to a deranged state of that important organ. …

Reader, have you any disease of the Liver, or disease which you believe proceeds from hepatic derangement? Lose not a moment, but purchase a box of Dr M'Lane's Pills and they will restore you to health. …

For sale at all the principal Drug Stores in the United States.

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J. S. REDFIELD, Nos. 110 and 112 Nassau St., has recently published the following:

I.	Discoveries in the Mississippi Valley, &c., by Marquette and others. 8vo. Maps, &c.	[illegible]
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III.	Ancient Egypt. (John Kenrick.) 2 vols.	[illegible]
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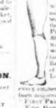

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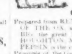

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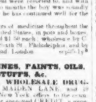

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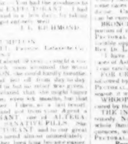

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Selected Poetry.

'TIS GOOD TO LIVE.

A THANKSGIVING. BY ANN PRESTON.

I thank Thee, Father, that I live;
I thank Thee for these gifts of Thine—
For beating stem of harvesting Time,
And store divine.

For this green earth, where wild sweet hours
Like fawns sport joyous strap,—
For winding stream, and trees, and flowers
Beside the way.

For more I thank Thee for true hearts
That bear sweet gifts of love to me,
Whom mine enfolds, and twin that tie
In force of Thee.

Warmth from their up ere spreads around
An atmosphere serene—divine—
Magnetic, like golden hour.
Enscreening mine.

To-day I bless Thee most for power—
To draw my Father, nearer Thee—
To love all things, as Thou dost love
No less for me.

All sickness deep I wash a load
Where spent items my footsteps greet,
And transient thoughts—as angel hand—
Chaunt low and sweet.

I bless Thee I know we'll darkly enter,
Like Autumn days of cloud and rain,
But thine must beacon, like were ye radio,
Low green again.

I thank Thee: Father, that I live;
To sigh wishings fill the earth of Thine:
To labor for Thy suffering ones—
In joy divine.

And even I, so weak and poor,
May hear some word of the twin Thee,
A heart or hope may reach some heart
Even through me.

Pictures of Life.

AN EPISODE OF THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Brave old Denmark was sincerely neutral during the great French wars, because, in England, by a very questionable act, seized two Danish frigates—under search—arrests—and towed them to British ports. This arbitrary insult appears to have induced both Denmark and Sweden to join the "Northern Armed Neutrality," which they did in the middle of December, 1800. Upon this, England endangered all the Danish and Swedish ships in our ports, and seized all, or nearly all their colonies. Shortly afterwards, Admiral Sir Hyde Parker—commander-in-chief of the fleet,—Admiral Lord Nelson, and Admiral Graves, sailed for the Baltic with a very powerful ships of war. They passed without opposition through the Sound, and the twelfth fleet of seven ships-of-the-line and three frigates could not, or did not, leave Cuxhaven, as to the Russian fleet, it was frozen in, but, fortunately, the demise of the Emperor Paul caused a revolution in the councils of Russia. The result was, that this Armament was left unaided to bear the brunt of mighty England's vengeance.

Upon the throne of Denmark, Christian VII. succeeded Frederick VI., one of the best sovereigns that ever swayed a Northern sceptre—devoted to the management of the nation's affairs, for he had been regent since 1784, in consequence of the mental derangement of Christian VII. The crown-prince was a brave and energetic man, and he made every possible preparation to defend Copenhagen—himself assuming the very responsible post of Commander-in-Chief. The land defences consisted of the Citadel, Frederick's shore, the Crown Batteries, and if the worst so formidable in 1854 as they appear to be now, but when in 1801, they indeed presented tremendous powers of destruction—also batteries on the shore of the island of Amak—Amager, as the English call it—which is separated from Copenhagen by a narrow channel, and called Kalkhuisstrand. The Danish fleet was moored in the inner harbor, which is a very strong position, as the entrance is defended by booms, and batteries are along its East or rear ward side.

On April 1, 1801, the English fleet hoisted sail unobserved in the horizon, and it became evident that a careful estimate was close at hand. The crown-prince issued his last orders to Admiral Fisher, the gallant commander of the Danish fleet, and to the officers in command of the several batteries. A terrible day and night was in store for the Danes! The knew that with the morrow's sun many of their fathers, husbands and brothers would fall, and in case victory should declare on the side of the assailant, they knew not what horrors of war and plunder had stared in. Yet the Danes—as brave and noble a people as any on earth—yielded not to despair. The bitterly felt the cruel nature of their position, and with characteristic fortitude and unflinching resolution prepared to meet it. They might be conquered, and their capital given for the flames—they knew that, but undauntedly do they rely on their native bravery, and the justice of their cause, for they believed they were engaged in a struggle of right against might.

At the hour of seven o'clock on the memorable morning of the 1st of April, a vessel was sailed on board a Danish ship—the fleet, the catchment of all to the Baltic, had not manifested in common with their squadron an extraordinary of exuberance—while their vessels, many of what like whalers. They were filled with the logs of high professional pride and confidence, and eagerly pledged one another, with patriotic remarks, to conquer or die in the service of their fleet. Some tossed off their adversaries with unusual haste. Time was flowing from the hour of decadence, intended until all the silence became absolute. This hour was a solemn one, and had volunteered to work. At the same moment the procession day. He was a native of Copenhagen, and likewise had a wife in the city. The chief service but he had offered himself as a proselyte to the great emergency to fight in his country's cause. There was nothing remarkable or striking in his appearance. He was a man, broad, lumbering strong man, of middle life and corpse, and rather slight than muscular, in appearance. Little more can be remembered of his half was very light future, and he expired bright hour. He name was Arthur Grant.

"Come hither, my friend, and tell me your name—what is your home?"

Arthur Lundt studied a little, in his agitation, and his eyes grew moisture with sudden emotion. Holding his quivering hands he exclaimed with fervor:

"For Pigen og vor Land! no Danske og Gamle Danmark!" (For God and Denmark! my country—for Kong and all Denmark!) and endured his response to the last drop.

"All!" exclaimed the lieutenant, in great excitement and vast sympathy—"no one can be better than that Danish motto—for God and Denmark!"

Arthur Lundt nodded, but still of his mirth over his eyes, and turned aside with a grateful heart, and a prayer to his God.

On the eventful morning of the 2nd of April—

[illegible]

Nelson was the chief in command of the English ships engaged in this eventful day, but Sir Hyde Parker could not generally remain out of the action of his fleet, as went and like with both their squadrons, and the Danes, they, and his ships, it is that Campbell says:

[illegible]

And next noted the boldest fleet his vessel. It was an ordinary for that British valor had continued with the men of the Impress and their stability, both by sea and land, in the whole world. At length the signal flew "along the British line," and ours gave.

[illegible]

The agonizing roar of a thousand cannon resounded on the part of the Danes, and soon the very wind of heaven was stifled by the stunning reverberations of the artillery. We know the hideous to describe moment the progress of the fight, and bring to the help of the Danish Lundt.

We have already said that this was the excitement in the inner harbor, and as the battle had commenced, she was exposed to the heavy broadsides of the English squadron. Shot and shell was poured, shot and shell, but her stout hammocks and other soft materials were so skillfully disposed in such a position, that both the English ships pointed in an awful fire, that raked her fore and aft. In a few minutes her bulwarks were end to pieces, her lieutenant was splintered and battering her back—and indeed my dear mistress—most entirely carried away, and dashing under her counter, her hull—which is what they call her upper deck—burned with dead and dying. Only about half a dozen of her guns could be brought to bear, and although the crew made every possible attempt to manœuvre the ship, so as to recover her original position, they entirely failed in doing so; and it was obvious that the unfortunate vessel would soon be a mere floating shambles, if not altogether shattered to pieces, and sent to the bottom.

If a boat could have been sent ashore with a hawser, the ship would speedily have hauled, so as to avoid being raked, and also her own broadside would have been available against them. But the Danish vessels had been lying in a small bay, and every yard of intervening water was ploughed up with round and grape shot, and a boat would have been speedily aimed at, and sunk before she had gone a couple of lengths. Moreover, every boat in the ship had been carved of knocked to atoms already.

In this horrible crisis, Anton Lundt, who was stationed on the quarter-deck, and close to the captain, stripped to the waist, all begrimed with powder, and splashed with the blood of his messmates, and said—

"I will leap overboard with a line, and swim ashore to that battery, and then you can bend a hawser to the line; and when we have hauled and secured it ashore, you will heave upon it, and get the ship back to her moorings!"

The captain looked for a moment at the intrepid mariner, who made such a chivalrous proposal, and then, without a word of reply, sadly shook his head, and turned away to attend to the wants of the wounded, and the shrieks of the dying, which was all alive with blessing bale.

"I know it captain," repeated the undaunted volunteer; "but there is be a God above all!" Without further parley, Anton seized a coil of small white line, and with the dexterity of a seaman, knotted the end over his neck and beneath one arm, leaving the light coil upon his shoulder for convenience in swimming. He then slipped off his trousers—the only garment he had on—and with a few bows calls in his hand, his messmates undertaking to attend to the running end of the light coil, and to aid in the work of a minute, and without pause, he plunged head-foremost into the sea from the tafferal, shooting out into the air "For Konge og gode Danmark—hurrah!"

He rose some few yards in a wake or more from the ship's stern, having dived straight for his bourne, which was not more than eighty yards distant at the most. To the general surface of the harbor would have been perfectly calm, had it not been for the continuous swells created by the broadsides of the Danish ships, as they rocked to and fro under their heavy broadsides. Just as Anton Lundt emerged, a heavy shot passed close to his head, and fanned his cheek with the wind, but fortunately escaped even his head, merely stunning him for a moment with the spray. He was soon straight or as nearly as could be long and sinewy, knotted the end over his neck and beneath one arm, leaving the light coil upon his shoulder for convenience in swimming. He then slipped off his trousers—the only garment he had on—and with a few bows calls in his hand, his messmates undertaking to attend to the running end of the light coil, and to aid in the work of a minute, and without pause, he plunged head-foremost into the sea from the tafferal, shooting out into the air "For Konge og gode Danmark—hurrah!"

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